Selected Storn.

The Northern Spring.

No violet odors in the air. No thrushes singing by the mill, No play of wavelets on the stream, Or lambs upon the hill. Nor swelling bud, nor blade of grass The coming of the spring doth show: e cloud holds yet its wintry gray, The earth its wintry snow.

But well I know beyond my sight Is set the season's golden sign That guides, in northward faring flight, The wild fowl's wavering line And nearer, swifter, o'er the hills, With burst of song and flash of wings The vernal pageant, hastening on, A new creation brings

So, be my world as winter cold, And be my gardens piled with snow, I know that brighter skies will shine And softer winds will blow There shall be blossoms in the field; There shall be singing in the wood: And all the evil of my lot Shall surely turn to good

-Professor Huntington

Mrs. Saul Smith.

Mrs. Saul Smith, of no matter where, was the proud owner of a pretty, gay, all-wool shawl. It had been a present to her from her Aunt Patty several years before she had become Mrs. Saul Smith, when she was yet pretty Fanny Dresden, a young country girl, whose only means of support was the little she earned by teaching a country school, and by the time she paid her board from this and clothed herself, she had means slim enough to value Aunt Patty's gift. It had served now for five years for best wrap, and as she lovingly folded it around her form one evening to go to prayer-meeting, Mrs. Simon Judkins came in to accompany her, and as she was looking in the glass to see if her hat was on straight, Mrs.

Judkins said:
"Fannie, if I were you I would color that shawl. I don't mean to find fault with your appearance, but really it seems a little too gay and flashy for a married woman, and for town wear."

Fannie passed her hand softly over her shawl, so beautiful in her eyes, and thought of the dear aunt, now so far away, and for a moment forgot her-self in thought. Then, with a long-drawn sigh, she looked at her friend

"What color would you think would be pretty, if I were to take the notion to color it?'

"Brown, by all means. It is such a fashionable color, and would be just the thing for your complexion. You know you can get a couple of boxes of Diamond dye to color it with, and it will be a plaid shawl. Those darkest stripes will be black, the white ones will be light brown, while the scarlet ones will be a kind of brown tinged with cardinal, and I think that will be a lovely combination of colors, and every one will think it a new shawl if you do not tell them better.

The next day Mrs. Saul Smith did as her friend wished her. She had often noticed her shawl looked a little gaver than the wrappings of other women on the street, and this helped her conclude it was best to do so. As she hung it on her clothes-line to dry, after coloring, she was proud of her first attempt at such work. When it was dry and pressed, and neatly laid away, she thought it was a great deal better that she had taken her friend's advice. The next day she dressed and put on the new colored shawl to call upon a friend. This time the glass sent back a face and form of a quiet, older-looking person than it did the evening she went to eting, in company with Mrs. Simon Judkins, and as she entered her friend's parlor she inquired if she was as well usual. On answering "Yes," friend said:

"Why, there is something not right in your looks. Your face seems dark and old-looking. What can it be?"
Then came the telling of how she had

been persuaded to color her shawl

"That is just like Mrs. Judkins," said her friend. "She thinks every-body must wear brown, whether it is becoming to them or not. She thinks because it is the fashionable color at present old and young must wear it. I believe if a fashion is becoming to one, and it is the one they like, they should wear it; but if they don't like it, or it does not suit their style, then they should have independence enough not to wear it. Brown does not suit your complexion, and I wouldn't wear it. Now if you had selected navy blue or myrtle green either one would bave answered a better purpose."

Mrs. Saul Smith went home, and as she looked at the yellow-looking face in the glass, and down at the brown shawl that caused it, she wished heartily that she could only have back that pretty, warm, soft shawl just as it was when Aunt Patty gave it to her. But she re-solved as she couldn't do that she would at least change its color to something more becoming, and the next day a blue shawl fluttered in the breeze. When she again donned it a fairer face greeted her when she consulted her glass, and she thought her trouble was now over. She was sure it looked well, and she was now proud enough of it to show it to a friend that called soon after, who, as she viewed it, said:

" Mrs. Smith, what ever made you select blue? I think it is the ugliest color that is worn, and I do not think any person looks well in it. Somehow it always gives the face a blue, bloodless look, like one had just got up out of a spell of sickness. Now if you had only colored it green, that would have become your clear, white complexion so

When this friend was gone Mrs. Saul Smith took the shawl, and, spreading it on the sofa, took a good look at it; and she concluded it should be green, as her friend wished. She had always been a help to her in deciding matters, and she had always found her tasty-so the shawl was made green. But this time it didn't look nice when it was unfurled to the breeze. It had gone through so many kinds of dye, and had been to the boiling point so often that when it was hung out it was stiff and harsh, and the color wasn't as bright as she had hoped for; and by the time it was dry it wore an old, faded look. She quietly took it up in the garret and hung it on a line where she kept cast-off articles of clothing until she found need for them, and as she came down tion, said: the steps she wondered to herself what she would do with it, and how she was to get along without it. She inwardly resolved she would say nothing about

door, with the morning's mail in his hand, and as he held it above his head to see Mrs. Smith beg for it, she espied a letter directed to herself in Aunt Patty's well-known hand, and she eagerly clasped Mr. Smith's arm, and, drawing it down, said:

will be lashed and to year to year to come, and will always be in good style."

So the shawl and coat were purchased, and Aunt Patty thought Fannie had

" A letter from dear Aunt Patty, Saul! Give it to me quick, until I hear from the far-away friend. I have been thinking so much of her the past few days. I do not think Aunt Patty has been out of my mind five minutes in my waking moments for days. I hope they are well." And as she hastily tore the envelope off she read a few words, and, with deepening color on her cheek, she said:

"Oh, Saul! The best news in the world it contains. Aunt Patty is coming to pay us a visit, and is even now on the road.'

Yes, and is at the door," said Mr. Saul Smith, as the back that took the passengers to and from the station stopped directly in front of their house and the driver began to help a whitehaired lady to alight. Mr. and Mrs. Smith were at her side in a moment, and Fanny eagerly told of the letter that arrived not five minutes before her, and of only three lines getting read be fore she arrived, and begged Aunt Patty to bring one on her next visit to let them know she was coming.

That was a happy visit to aunt and niece. They had not met since Fannie. a happy young bride, had gone from under the home roof, leaving kind Aunt Patty, Rose and Horace alone in the dear old home, where Aunt Patty had for years been the loved companion of the three young children, who had been deprived of both parents while yet almost in infancy.

The evening of Aunt Patty's arrival,

as she was unpacking her trunk, she said to her niece: "Fannie, have you good stores in town, or do you have to go to the city for all of your best goods?" "Oh, we have nice stores, auntie, where we can get anything one needs. Our merchants are such honorable men, and have such good taste in their selections of goods, that we can buy to better advantage in our town than if we were to go to the city and deal with

strangers.'

"I did not bring you a present, as I would like to have done, because I didn't have an idea what you would need. So I just brought the money to you, and will allow you to get for yourself something you are in need of; and I will accompany you, and see what you know about selecting goods. I had just one hundred dollars to give you three this winter for a present. To Horace I gave twenty, and he got an overcoat that he needed with it. To Rose I gave forty, and she got a beau-tiful ottoman silk circular, lined with Siberian squirrel fur, and she wanted me to bring you one of the same kind; but I thought probably wrappings of a different kind were worn here, and I just brought you forty dollars to get yourself whatever kind of a wrap you wished." And as Aunt Patty counted four crisp new ten-dollar bills into Fannie's hand she lovingly clasped her arms around Aunt Patty's neck, and, sobbing on her bosom, told her the history of that shawl.

Aunt Patty let her cry for awhile. Then, as she stooped and pressed her lips to the fair young face, she said:
"Fannie, go bring the shawl, and let
me see it." And when she came with it Aunt Patty looked at the poor ugly thing and said:

Fannie, I would say give it to some poor woman who lacks one thus good. but I think you have probably learned from it a useful lesson, and it had better be kept by you as a reminder of it. While I am here I will see if I can improve it any. You might have learned your lesson more expensively than by losing that shawl that has proved so good a friend for five years. Every woman has to learn to be self-reliant. She must have judgment enough to know what to wear and how to dress herself. She must not change her manner of dressing for the purpose of pleasing some one else. A sensible woman will acquaint herself with her husband's business affairs, and know what she can afford, and dress accordingly-no matter what any person may say. Many will tell you that you should have this, that and the other because some one else has it, and your husband is doing as good a business as that woman's is. Turn a deaf ear to all such. If any one is vulgar enough to find fault with your attire, they are not the kind of associates you want. Cut their acquaintance and select your friends from a more intelligent class. You should have a higher aim in life than to try and please every one. You might have gone on coloring your shawl until it had worn every hue of the rainbow, and still you would not have pleased your neighbors. Always be your own sensible self. Act as your hitherto good judgment has caused you to do, and you will please your husband and your old auntie that has your interest as much at stake as if you were her own daughter; and you will please many sensible people. And those that have no higher aim in life than to seek to follow every fashion of form or color that is presented to them you need not care to please. They are in such close pursuit of fashion that they will not miss you in a little while if you refuse to fall into the ranks. Some one else will

fill the place, and they will rush on, and you will be left a more important one." The next afternoon Aunt Patty and Fannie went to the store to buy the new wrap. Fannie looked at many beautiful cloaks, ranging from fifteen to fifty dollars. Aunt Patty took her seat inside the door on a high, cushioned stool, and was soon engaged in watching the passers-by through the large plate-glass windows; and so deeply was she interested in the strange faces that she had not noted time until Fannie came close to her side and whis-

pered: " Auntie, did you mean that I was just to spend the money you gave me as I saw fit?" And as she assured her of meaning that, she said: "Please come and see what you think of my se-lection before I close the bargain." As they passed down to the end of the long store, Fannie picked up a pretty, soft, steel-mixed shawl, without a border, and holding it to her for inspec-

" I have selected this, and this hand-some coat for Saul. I thought as you gave brother Horace one, I wanted resolved she would say nothing about that he should have one too. I heard it to her husband, because he was always so kind and sought in every way tended to get one of this kind, but as to supply her wants, and times were so business was growing dull he would close she knew he needed all his means wait until another season. By getting

in his business. Therefore she would them both together I can get the overkeep this matter from him. Just as she coat for twenty dollars and the shawl reached the bottom of the stairs Mr. for fifteen. That leaves me five dol-Saul Smith came bounding in the hall lars, with which I wish to take two papers-one for Saul and the other for myself. I will get a cloak when hard times are over if I wish it. This shawl will be fashionable for years to come,

shown rare good sense in her decision. And as Fannie read her papers through the year she thought they gave her far more pleasure than the wearing of a twenty-dollar wrap could; and as she looked with wifely pride on Mr. Saul Smith in his new overcoat he had not expected to get that winter, she re-joiced that she had had so kind and good a friend as Aunt Patty to teach her what was right and womanly.

Before Aunt Patty went home the shawl again was consigned to the dyepot. This time when it shook in the breeze it was a jet black shawl that flapped and fluttered; and dried and pressed (a band of plain cashmere of becoming color was added to it. several inches above the fringe) it looked quite respectable, and whenever Fannie donned it she always thought of her first and last effort to please the neighbors and rejoiced at it ending as it did.—National Stockman and Farmer.

McCLELLAN AND BURNSIDE.

The recent death of General McClellan leaves but few living of those unfortunate commanders who found themselves unequal to the great responsibilities placed upon them during the civil war. Burnside, Halleck, "Fighting Joe" Hooker, and others, had passed away before him, honored by the nation they had served, after having lived down the hostile criticism their official acts had excited. Equal justice will be done to General McClellan, and a true estimate of his abilities as an organizer and a soldier will be recorded. In his political ambition the genial Burnside was far more successful than his old commander, and death found him a senator from Rhode Island. McClellan might have been a cabinet officer but for factional quarrels in New Jersey which made his

appointment inexpedient. Rhode Island's devotion to her handsome senator illustrates a happy characteristic of the smallest State which still distinguishes her. General Burnside was not a native of "Little Rhody"—having come east from Indiana—but he had the right timber in him, and was made governor and afterward senator of his adopted State. The same spirit may be seen in her citizens to-day in their hearty reception of that which will be of benefit to them. A case in point is that of Mr. John A. Bishop, of Central Falls, R. I., who tells this

"For eighteen years I suffered with neuralgia and never got any relief until I took Athlophoros. After that had cured me of the disease I became afflicted with me of the disease I became afflicted with sciatic rheumatism, for which I was treated by two doctors. Neither of them did me any good, in fact I grew worse under their treatment. Again I began taking Athlo-phoros, and, strange as it may seem, relief came almost instantly. The pain abated so that I was able to get around in less than three days, and as I daily grew stronger the rheumatism left me alto-

Mrs. S. T. Goss, of No. 42 Dudley Street, Providence, can confirm this seemingly wonderful cure out of her own experience.

"For thirty years I suffered with muscular rheumatism, during which time used every known remedy and all sorts of prescriptions from physicians. At times I would gain a little relief, but only for a short period, after which the disease would me with renewed violence. while I was suffering one of these very severe attacks that a friend spoke to me of the wonders Athlophoros was doing and advised me to try it. I did get a bottle and in two days after beginning to use it was on my feet. Athlophoros is now kept in my house and is looked upon as indispensable. It is the greatest preparation I ever knew of and will core rheumatism just as it is claimed it will do."

Mr. J. D. Payne, one of the most prom inent citizens of Westville, Ct., where he has a pleasant home on Fountain street, is outspoken in his praise of Atlophoros.

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Religious Miscellany.

As I sat me down by the ocean side I looked with delight at the tossing tide, And the sun was casting its golden sheen On the sapphire waves—a glittering scene. Sweet music I heard in each billow's roar That rolled itself out on the sparkling shore, But my heart grew sad as there came to me The thought of a world that shall have no sea

As I lingered still by the ocean wide I thought of the friends on the other side Of many sone so dear to my heart Whom naught but the waves could have kept apar They are far away on a distant shore, And I sometimes ask, "Shall I see them more Ere we reach the land where we all shall be United?" for that has no parting sea.

And I thought me, too, of the tempest's wall, The requiem sad of many a sail; Of the hearts so true, and the souls so brave. That find in the treacherous sea their grave; Of the hearts at home that are tempest-tossed For the dearly loved in the ocean lost am sure such sorrow there ne'er can be In the world in which there is no more sea

And what of the gems and what of the gain, Which come to our land from over the main Ah, surely they all are too dearly bought When we think of the lives into peril brought. Of the homes made sad and the hearts made sore As they watch for those who will come no more. O happy indeed must that glad world be That knows not the woes of the restless sea

Hasty Words.

Half the actual trouble of life would be saved if people would but remember that silence is golden when they are irritated, vexed or annoyed. To feel provoked or exasperated at a trifle when the nerves are exhausted is perhaps natural to us in our imperfectly sanctified state. But why put the annovance into the shape of speech, which, once uttered, is remembered—which may burn like a blistering wound or rankle like a poisoned arrow? If a child be trying, or a friend capricious, or a servant unreasonable, be careful what you say. Do not speak while you feel the impulse of anger, for you will be almost certain to say too much-to say more than your cooler judgment will approve, and to speak in a way that you will regret. Be silent till the "sweet by-and-by," when you shall be calm, rested and selfcontrolled. Above all, never write a letter when you are in the mood of irri-There is an anger which is justifiable; there are resentments which are righteous; it is sometimes a duty to express indignation. But, if you consider the matter, the occasions for putting such feelings on record are comparatively few. They come once in a life-time perhaps, and to many fortunate beings they never come at all. Upon the whole, people-our friends and neighbors, and the community of which we form a part-are trying to do the best they can; and in hours of good temper and health life wears a bright and sunny aspect. Much of the friction which makes the machinery of living move roughly and discordantly is caused by things too petty to be noticed if we were in our normal condition. The hasty word, spoken in petulance, may be explained, forgiven and forgotten. But the letter, written in an ebul-lition of wounded feeling, is a fact tangible, not to be condoned. There it lies with a certain permanence about it You have sent it to a friend, who, reading it a half-dozen times, will each time find it more cruel and incisive than before. Letters once written and sent away cannot be recalled. You cannot be sure that your friend (or enemy) will burn them. Hidden in bureau drawers or in compartments of desks, folded up in portfolios, locked in boxes, they will, it may be, flash up again in sudden feud e months to think of the folly which incited them, or the other folly which penned them. Never write an angry letter, or write a letter when you are angry. All heated feeling seeks the superlative as an outlet, and superlatives are apt to be dangerous. So long as we cling to the positive in speech we are pretty safe. We all need to be cautioned against undue haste in speech, but mothers most of It is so easy to misunderstand a child; so easy to grieve a little person who is forbidden to answer back; so easy to leave a picture of yourself in

Money-Making.

the plastic memory, which will be photographed there for the remainder of

life and of which you would in coming

days be ashamed. Let who will be hasty and uncontrolled, the mother can-

not afford to be either; and, if she ask

the help of her Lord daily, hourly and every moment, she will be kept from

this sin and peril.-Christian Intelli-

gencer.

It is the duty of some men to make a great deal of money. God has given to them the money-making talent; and it is as wrong to bury that talent as to bury a talent for preaching. It is every man's duty to wield the widest possible power for righteousness; and the power in money must be gained before it can be used. But let a man beware! This power in money is something awful. It is more dangerous than dynamite. The victims of "Saint-seducing gold" are numberless. If a Christian grows rich, it should be with fear and trembling, lest the "deceitfulness of riches" undo him; for Christ spoke of the salvation of a rich man as something miraculous (Luke xviii: 24-27). Let no man deceive himself by saying: "I will give when I have amassed wealth. I desire money that I may do good with it; but I will not give now, that I may give the more largely in the future." That is the pit in which many have perished. If a man is growing large in wealth, nothing but constant and generous giving can save him from growing small in soul. In determining the amount of his gifts and the question whether he should impair his capital, or to what extent, a man should never lose sight of a distinct and intelligent aim to do the greatest possible good in a life-time. Each must decide for himself what is the wiser, the higher use of money, and we need often to remind ourselves of the constant tendency of human nature to selfishness and self-deception .-Rev. Josiah Strong, in Religious Herald.

By spiritual gravitation every soul, as surely as did Judas, goes to its own place.—R. R. Shippen.

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A RARE OFFER!

Ill-health necessitating a removal to a milder cli-mate, the subscriber offers for sale, on easy terms, his entire business, consisting of Store, Two Storehouses and

Stock of Goods. The business has been conducted under the firm name of L. PEASE & SON for fifteen years, and now possesses an excellent run of trade. The store has been recently rebuilt, is well located, large and commodious, has glass front, and is warmed by a hot-air furnace. The storehouses are new and conveniently situated. The storehouses are new and conveniently situated. The stock of goods consists of Agricultural Implements, Hardware, Groceries, Crockery, Stoves, Thware, Paper Hangings, Psints and Olfs, well assorted. Will divide the store is and which would allow the purchaser to add Dry-goods and kindred branches, for which the store is admirably adapted.

ALLEN L. PEASE,

HARTFORD, VERMONT. FOR SALE

Registered Shorthorns.

My stock is from the herd of G. L. Reynolds of Burlington. Different ages and sexes on hand. 45-57 E. J. RANSLOW, Wells River, Vt.